

XENA

OK. Once upon a time there were three friends. They did everything together. Riding, pillaging, stealing whatever they could lay their hands on. They were young and had no conscience among them. Thought they were immortal and yet lived every moment as if they expected to die tomorrow. They vowed to each other, pledged their lives. But...inevitably... jealousies developed--it doesn't matter why--that tore them apart with suspicions and mistrust. There is no trust among thieves, Gabrielle.

GABRIELLE

Why do you think you always have to protect me from the truth?

XENA

You don't own the story of my life. No matter how many times you'll tell it after I'm gone.

GABRIELLE

What happened to growing old and gray together?

XENA

I wish. Unlikely. Considering.

GABRIELLE

Then we'll go together. I don't break my vows. And I'm not a thief.

XENA

No, you're not. You don't have to steal what's freely given.

GABRIELLE

Nice turn of phrase. Wish I'd said that.

XENA

You will.

GABRIELLE

Oh, so now I am a thief. No, your life doesn't belong to me. Not exactly, anyway. When I was given the power to actually write it, to make it happen, I botched it pretty badly, didn't I? I'm always messing up. That's my tragic flaw, my...Achilles' heel.

(CONTINUED)